

No. 66. VOL. III.

JUNE 12, 1878.

Price, 10 Cents.



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK

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CARTOONS.

DANA refuses to brand
 Anderson telling his story:
 The man who the wickedness planned
 Dana refuses to brand.
 If Jo Bradley would go on the stand
 Dana'd give him a crown of glory.
 Dana refuses to brand
 Anderson telling his story.

This show must stop!—and shall be stopped.
 Too long

Has the vile farce been played. In Order's
 name

We cry: "Ring down the curtain!" Folly,
 Shame,

Rapine and Murder swell the reckless song.
 And yet the people listen; though ere long

The spark they laugh at may become a flame:
 The jest a fateful terror without a name.

But Satire plies her keen and scathing thong,
 Mindful of days when graced the pike-staff's
 prong

The noblest heads of France; and quick to
 see

How soon a foul seed chokes a fertile place.
 She lifts her scourge—and lo! the coward
 throng,

Like ghosts at break of day that turn and
 flee,

Fly from before the brightness of her face.

Peace is a probable thing

If Bismarck is but the peace-maker.
 When he jumps down in the ring

Peace is a probable thing:

Minister, Kaiser and King—

Each one grows meek as a Quaker.

Peace is a probable thing

If Bismarck is but the peace-maker.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

THE extreme height of human absurdity has been attained by Mr. A. M. Scales, a Southern representative who has introduced a bill into Congress to authorize the issue of tents to the North Carolina militia.

It is a little difficult to say whether Mr. Scales intends to join the phalanx of Congressional humorists, or whether his motion is seriously meant. If Mr. Scales really does mean to be a humorist, his advent should be marked with popular acclaim.

It was a trite saying, in *ante-bellum* days, that the soldiers from North Carolina were the feeblest and worst-equipped in the entire service. This referred to the regular army. What then could be thought of the condition of the militia?

The irony and sarcasm of Mr. Scales's motion is important from the implied intimation that the North Carolina soldiers are now still further reduced and plead for tents to cover them. Two or three circus-tents are probably all that is required. The circumstance is interesting as showing of how little avail is martial prowess against the fury of the elements. It is recorded that a review was one day held

of a large number of Virginia State Militia. In an obscure corner a handful of men, thinly-clad and with downcast visages, were seen crowded together. "Who are they?" asked the general. The answer he received was that they were the army from North Carolina.

Mr. Scales's motion is, at all events, to be accepted as recognition of the fact that the North Carolina militia needs improvement, not to say reorganization. He should go farther and petition Congress to provide guns, boots, uniforms, rations, and, above all, soldiers. Tents can be but a transitory expedient; for when the soldiers have occasion to emerge from their doom would be sealed. An army which cannot be available except in tents is not much good. Perhaps it was the design of Scales merely to test the credulity of Congressmen. In this case he should not have moved for tents, but for soldiers to occupy them.

A TYPICAL ENGLISH HUMORIST.

PUBLIC attention has been temporarily diverted from the war question in England by the appearance of a native humorist, whose enormities in the way of punning have won all hearts. This man is of course an Englishman, but it is almost incredible to what depths he has descended. The whereabouts of the man, when first heard of, were Birmingham, but later accounts represent him as on his way to London to receive the laudations of the English wits. Before leaving Birmingham he perpetrated the following paragraph, which so tickled the humorists that they began copying it forthwith. Here is the terror:

"The cat show was a con-cat-enation of the mews ical melodies. Some of the subjects in the cat-alogue of felines seemed to think it a very unfeline business to deny them the right of rat cat-ching, and launched upon the air at times a perfect cat-aract of cat-erwauls. It was not a subject for cat-chination, even if it was a-mews-ing. The award of prizes was probably all right, still it admits of a little catechistical discussion."

If we are to believe the English writers, nothing so funny as this has appeared in a long time. It is quite characteristic of our English humorist to write on a "cat-show," and we can imagine readily the extent of his success. The only fear is that he will make the other English wits jealous. Someone should define for them the difference between a joke and a pun. This would be one step in the direction of having an English joke.

THE SHOEMAKER.

THE shoemaker is an institution. We don't know that this ever occurred to any of our readers before, but, nevertheless, it is the case. The shoemaker has a soft thing of it, although he sits on his bench from morning till night. He is also the friend of the man with the pretty daughter, and of the editor who comes in contact with itinerant vernal poets.

He has his failings, too, as well as the carpenter, the bricklayer, and other laborers. He will always tell you that he'll have your shoes done on Saturday night; yes, he will tell you with a smile that causes you to look upon him as a worthy candidate for an aureole.

On Saturday night you find the shoes untouched, and are treated, by the Knight of St. Crispin, to a story which at once elevates him to the dignity and importance of a lightning-rod agent. He is not so shrewd as the tailor—

He is happy on his backless chair,
 Hammering away without a care;
 And all his life
 He can watch his wife
 And see that no minister cometh there.

Puckerings.

THE mercury has risen. Quinine also.

THE man with a straw hat is gaining confidence and ease of manner.

AT the picnic of the Sunday-School experienced Brother Kimball

Deals forty-cent-a-gallon cream with fingers deft and nimble,

To Edwin and Angelica at 30 cts. per thimble.

YOU may know that Summer has come by the familiar way in which the house-fly lights out for your nose, without any diffidence to speak of.

THE young man who lives near the river goes in swimming once at this season, and for the rest of the summer he takes his dips in Jordan.

Now doth each fragrant cool retreat

Wear smiles of damask lustre,

As summer comes on noiseless feet,

Wrapped in a linen duster.

THE "PICCADILLY" is the name of the new London magazine. If it is not made of better material than those with which we are acquainted, July will take the starch out of it in about ten minutes.

IT is stated, on credible authority, that Rutherford has asked Mrs. Hayes whether she doesn't think he ought to give public expression to his opinion that this Investigation business is unkind to him.

Now the farmer so sly and so sleek

Doth mathemetize, so to speak,

And for gold, which he prizes,

He now advertises

Good board at ten dollars per week.

A MAN may live through battles and sermons without showing the slightest sign of restlessness or fear, but the chances are that he is nervous beyond description while passing an ice-cream saloon with a pretty girl on his arm and no shekels in his pocket.

A MAN in Connecticut has invented an automaton bank-cashier, which goes through all the motions with regularity and precision, but which can be chained down to the floor and prevented from going to Europe. He expects to extend his patent so as to cover a savings-bank-director attachment.

THE fact having been positively established that souls do not need saving in summer-time, most of the ministers of this city have left for Europe. There is a rumor that one clergyman in a far up-town district is detained by want of funds, but a subscription is being circulated among the married men of his parish, and he will be enabled to start in a very short time.

Oh, June is a month with flowers luxurious,
 When the zephyr sweet with the tulip toys,
 When the quaint old farmer waxeth furious
 As his cherries depart with the barefoot boys.
 On the wings of love from the garden amorous
 Come scents like the vintage of the gods,
 And we hear, mixed with robins' love-songs
 clamorous,
 The mystical hammerer-down of sods.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than this; a land of immeasurable beauties and inexpressible pleasures. There the clear heaven ever spreads its fathomless unflecked vastitudes of blue above a laughing earth. Through forests of tropical luxuriance wander grassy paths, here bathed in golden sunlight, there checkered with the shade of over-arching boughs. No harsh sound breaks the almost sacred silence. The tender trill of the birds' song blends softly with the low susurrus of the heaven-kissing tops of immemorial elms. Through the far sunlit vistas flit fairy forms of sylph-like loveliness. The spell of eternal Spring hangs over all things. No drift of snow; no rime of bitter frost ever chills the fresh emerald of the grass; only the white apple-blossoms sink from the embraces of the wanton west wind to the bosom of earth. Here and there clear fountains gush forth musically murmuring, and through their crystal current the eye catches the gleam of diamond pebbles and Pactolian sands. Far in the vernal depths of this land stands a palace of a lordly magnificence that no words may paint. Pillars of chalcedony and jasper support a roof of beaten silver; over floors of polished agate the wanderer passes through passages that burn with precious stones set in panels of gold. In an inner court, where curtains of costly stuffs temper the glare of day, a throne awaits him; a silken cushioned structure of jade and amethyst. He nods his head: at the signal, the air is filled with a strange delicious music, and a hundred Odalisques, more than mortal in their exquisitely sensuous grace, surround him; lithe Al-mehs turn and twine in their weird delirious dance, and loosen the fluctuant transparent robes from their dusky quivering limbs. All around him, as the shades of night fall, glows a subdued light from lamps wherein priceless oils exhale fragrance. Aromatic odors steal over his senses; a spell of languorous delight takes possession of his whole being; existence seems transfigured, and life a dream, a vision of glorious, ineffable joy.

That is where the errand-boy goes when you send him round the corner to get some milk for the office cat, and he comes back one hour and three quarters afterward and says the apothecary doesn't keep it.

AN OUTRAGE.

IT has lately become popular to denounce in the bitterest terms that harmless, innocent class of persons who, feeling themselves above the things which captivate the vulgar, fondly roar into the blue, and, letting their fancies have full swing, succeed in giving to airy nothings a local habitation, etc., as the case may be.

We mean poets, of course.

It is not just to pour such an outburst of ridicule and satire on these well-meaning people, for they have to contend with a great deal which would kill plumbers and all other people who earn their livelihood by manual labor. They are endowed with a great deal of patience, too, or they would never persist in pointing their poetical feet publicationwise, in spite of being rejected, insulted and croquetted out of the sanctum on the editorial gaiter. According to Biblical history, Job was an uncommonly patient man, yet it is not stated that he ever received back a bundle of poems with the stereotyped regrets of the editor. He stood boils with becoming fortitude and dignity, but his patience with editors and publishers, if he had any experience in that line, is not mentioned.

Poets live in garrets and glide around on their uppers, as the saying is, in order to be able to follow the bent of their desire, when they might enjoy lives of ease, opulence and dissipation if they would only become car-drivers, bank-cashiers or originators of a new kind of religion.

We would suggest to Congress the propriety and advisability of erecting a poets' home, where unrecognized versifiers could live in seclusion and grind out odes and idyls by the yard. The poetry thus manufactured could be purchased by the government at a stipulated price, and stored away in the different arsenals where it would be available at any moment when the country might be in danger.

Thus would the average poet be comparatively independent, and war might be carried on without loss of life. For, in cases of action, phonographs could be loaded with these effusions, and when the enemy got sufficiently close, the cranks could be turned and a signal victory gained without bloodshed. It is but reasonable to conclude that the foemen thus taken by surprise would be immediately repulsed. This we say in defense of a much wronged and down-trodden profession which, we trust, may soon meet the recognition it partly deserves.

WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

THIS is the title of a piece of poetry which is now going the rounds of the rural "co-operatives." The subject is captivating, not to say scriptural. But it gives no idea of what the poem is all about. In fact, an examination of it reveals the fact that wise and foolish virgins have nothing whatever to do with it. The first stanza opens thus:

"Ah, Happy France!"

The next line is more comprehensive geographically. It runs:

"Grave English, philosophic Germans, sneer
At thee for shallow, frivolous, unwise,
And sun themselves in one another's eyes,
For height and depth of mind, for vision clear."

If the whole happiness of France consists in being sneered at for being "shallow, frivolous, unwise," it is not much to boast of. The pastime of the philosophic Germans would seem from this to be: "to sun themselves in another's eyes."

There is an end of running in the second verse, which is devoted to the question of war. It is as follows:

Here's Germany, with scarce the strength to stand
Under the loads of past and promised wars,
Debts, quarrels, social feuds, religious jars,
And drill, drill, drill, through her land's breadth and length.

"Religious jars" is good.

England is dealt with in the third verse:

And here is England arming to the teeth,
And to war's maelstrom drifting on and on—
A war that she is of two minds upon;
Its cause of wild words hid beneath.

The last verse is France's. It has a redundant line:

"While France, her debts paid, healed her scars of fight,
Her parties muzzled, if not merged in one,
Her feuds in church and state bid to be done,
To her great peace—show doth the world invite—
Ah! Happy France!"

A prize goes with this poem to the reader who sees its connection with the wise and foolish virgins. At least we feel justified in offering it.

THE GIRL WITH THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

AT present there seems to be a prevailing passion among young ladies for autograph albums. We suppose it is an innocent kind of craze, and, like a great many other things, will have its day. It makes no difference what a girl's social position may be, whether she be rich or poor, the daughter of a Chicago alderman or a Cincinnati pork-dealer, she will have an autograph album just the same.

She sets a high value on the book, and solicits all her friends to contribute something to its pages.

When you make an evening visit, and all commonplace subjects have been talked as threadbare as a pair of superannuated trousers, the young lady of the establishment, Eunice or Matilda, as the case may be, will suddenly smile in a manner satisfying you that she has made a startling discovery, and a moment later she will whisper:

"Mithter What-ever-your-name-is, have you theen my new album?"

If you are sharp you will settle the business at once by stating that you have. If you answer in the negative, she will bring it forth and show you its would-be gems of poesy, which, as a rule, are of a painfully Kalamazoo nature.

When you have eclipsed Ananias by praising the verses, her face is illuminated by a glow of fiendish triumph enhanced by the lovely smile which passes over her rounded cheeks as she makes the awful request that you will contribute something.

The average girl won't take no for an answer, and, with a chill pirouetting up your spine, you take out your pencil and make the attempt.

The only redeeming quality of the business is that originality is not imperative or even fashionable; and the young man should always go well supplied with quotations from Moore and Anacreon as a means of defense. It may be well to say in this connection that excerpts from agricultural reports and undertakers' prospectuses should be avoided as much as possible, for how would such a verse as the following look?

Rutabagas now are worth
Just fifty cents per basket,
And nothing on the face of earth
Beats Jones's burial casket.

The girl with the autograph album should be sat upon immediately. She should receive a crusher in the shape of an invitation to attend a Sunday school picnic or something even more terrible—if possible.

PERSONAL.

WE don't know who Messrs. Childs & Co., of this city, may be. They are probably a very respectable firm; and if they are really anxious to have their Philadelphia *Daily Evening Telegraph* put in our box every day, we don't wish to interfere with their little pleasures. But we want this thing understood, so far as the Post-office is concerned. We wish to know whether they are authorized to act in this way. Childs—Childs?—Childs? It may be all right; but if these bloated officials are trying to cast any base slur on our youth and inexperience—by Heaven! there shall be blood, and not ours. If the firm of Childs & Co. really exists, and if Childs wants to relieve Postmaster James from an imputation that may be the death of him, we advise him to send a boy around to this office to get his old *Telegraphs*. We don't want 'em.

P. S.—Let him send a good, active, industrious boy; for he will have to burrow in a three-quarter-ton pile of exchanges.

MIDNIGHT.

NOW the night cometh when no man may work—
Save that poor wretch who writeth for the
Press—

And foldeth in her arms of tenderness
The unspeakable seraglio of the Turk;
Himself unspeakable. Like a sheathed dirk
For a little space is hid day's dire distress,
Growing keener 'gainst the morrow. Pain's redress
Comes in calm sleep. Even the Eliperk
Is for the time quiescent. Round yon kirk
Quiet feet of ghosts alone are wandering through
The silent graveyard paths, and make no stir,
Sound shrinks abashed in corners dark to lurk—
With one noise only shudders the midnight blue—
The damnable melody of the flute-player.

MR. KROEGER'S MICROPHONE.

MY friend Kroeger was greatly excited over the telephone and phonograph when they first came out, and his enthusiasm was so great that he purchased one of each, and experimented with them to his heart's content.

When he heard of the microphone his joy knew no bounds, and he determined to have one, if possible. This he found to be next to impossible; so, from the account he read of the one invented by Professor Hughes, of London, he set to and constructed one himself, which did all that was claimed for the original, and more, too—according to Mr. Kroeger's statement.

He came to see me the other evening, and before he left he gave me a full and comprehensive history of his microphone, and the result of his experiments.

As near as I can remember, he spoke as follows:

"You see, the peculiarity, or rather the mission, of the microphone is to magnify sound. It is one of the greatest things that ever emanated from the mind of man. The one I have made is a boss magnifier, you bet, and when a snowflake lands on the microphone, it makes a report like that of a fire-cracker.

"I put a geranium on it the other day to see if I could hear it grow."

"You did?" I queried absent-mindedly.

"Of course I did," he continued, with enthusiasm, "and in a moment I heard the plant growing. It commenced like a mosquito, and in a little while the buzz increased in volume until it was quite capable of making a saw-mill sick with envy.

"After this I had the extreme satisfaction of hearing the sap flowing up and down trees, and the noise it made almost deafened me; it was a sort of Niagara Falls on the half-shell."

"I should like to see your microphone very much," I said.

"You shall see it," he went on, "and I'll bet you'll say it beats the deck on general principles. Why, only the other morning I was awakened by what at first appeared a bugle-blast, and looking around, I discovered a fly blowing his nose on the microphone. Magnify sound! why, the other day, in order to give the thing a square test, I invited a deaf man to dine with me, and rigged up the microphone under the table. That man was deaf as a post; but when some flies walked across the machine, he wanted to know the meaning of the cavalry-charge."

I didn't know how to reply to him. I was taken completely by storm with his marvelous statements.

"I then placed a hard clam on the instrument; but, as it was dry, it emitted only a sort of funereal grunt. After it was moistened, however, it treated me to what might be very

appropriately called an opéra-bouffe chorus. I could also hear it snore in its sleep, and roll around with the nightmare. In its happy moments it seemed to sing:

"I loved my home 'neath the tossing ocean,
Where I wandered at will through coral caves;
Where the mackerel pours out songs of devotion,
As he roams with his bride 'neath the curly waves.
But I love the earth with its charms elysian,
Where at eve the nightingale sweetly sings,
And, to tell the truth now, it's my ambition
To wed a peacock with purple wings."

"Just think of a clam rattling off ideas in one of Swinburne's boss metres in that style."

"It is truly wonderful," I assured him.

"Well, yes," he went on, feeling the importance of the microphone and himself, and the influence they would both be likely to exert on civilized society, "it is kinder wonderful in its way. You would have thought so if you had been at my house the other day when I placed a goblet of water on the microphone to see how it would work."

He paused to light a pipe, and I took advantage of the lull to make a few remarks on his machine and its wonderful power, and then asked him the result of his experiment with the water.

He looked at me with a pleasant smile, and continued:

"It was one of my boss experiments. The animalculæ in that water set up a grand chorus which was singularly charming; so I played some operatic airs to them. I played the same tunes to them every day, and after a while those animalculæ learned them, and it was lovely to sit and listen to them render 'il Bacio' or 'la Fille de Madame Angot.'"

"On another occasion, a young man, unconscious of the proximity of the microphone, commenced his vesperian practice on the cornet. The concussion knocked him off the chair, shattered several sashes of glass, and sent a lot of bricks flying down the chimney. To-morrow I am going to use it to get some of the secrets of the eagle on the new silver dollar, and I want you to come around. Will you come?"

"Of course I will," I replied.

Shortly after this he departed.

R. K. M.

THE SEA-SIDE.

AS the season is near at hand when those who have the means will hie them, with their children and their women-servants, to the sea-side, and those who have not the means will, with wailings and lamentations, close the front of the house, and retiring into its inmost parts, even into the basement and fourth floor thereof, give the world to understand that they have gone and done likewise, a few remarks upon this ancient institution may be appropriate.

The origin of the sea-side is unknown; many eminent writers have attributed it to Confucius; but their statements are conflicting, and only tend to confuse us. We find it alluded to by most of the ancient philosophers. Plutarch, in his "Metamorphoses," paying particular attention to the subject, as also Seneca, in his "Address to the Philistines;" while in that admirable work, Pluto's "Life of Yosemite" (3 vols. folio, A. D. 1991), occurs the following remarkable passage; which, as it might possibly be Greek to the reader, we shall omit.

The earliest authentic mention we find of it is in the history of the Phœnicians, who used it as a place of penal servitude. When a Phœnician committed any minor offense he was beheaded; but for the graver crimes he was sentenced to a term at the sea-side, "at hard labor," so their records quaintly run, "on the delicacies of the season." This was consid-

ered a most terrible punishment, and many have been known to commit suicide rather than endure it. It was not without its advantages, however, for when anyone survived the ordeal, a miracle was supposed to have happened, the man was immediately worshipped as a god, was allowed to prefix "Hon." to his name, and to ride free on the street-cars. As a final mark of esteem—a sort of Phœnician touch, so to speak—he was never required to pay more than twenty-five cents on the dollar.

Tracing the history of the sea-side down to our own time, we find that it has continued with varying success, though its usefulness has often been questioned, and we rather incline to the Copernican theory—that it was created solely for the benefit of mosquitoes and match-making mamas. It is a favorite resort with the ladies, who flock to it annually in large quantities, ostensibly to enjoy the sea air, but really (we have it on trustworthy information) with a view to seeking their affinities, or of capturing the affinities of other persons.

No man ever liked the sea-shore. It was rumored once that a man had said he enjoyed life there. Everybody ridiculed the idea. Pshaw! Nonsense! The thing was too ridiculous. An enterprising newspaper took the question up, and actually *did* find such a man—found him in an insane asylum, where he had been a hopeless inmate from childhood.

When a man goes to the sea-side for the first time, he arrives there at three o'clock in the afternoon. If there were any shade, he would find the thermometer to be exactly 98 degrees in it; but "as soon seek roses in December, ice in June," as shade there. Finding his way to a hotel, and, if he is not too much dazzled by the clerk's diamonds, registering his name, he is promptly assigned the worst room in the house. He must not, however, ask for a better room; we have always understood that hotel-clerks kill people who ask for better rooms. Then he goes out and sits on the piazza, waiting for the gong to strike for supper, and wondering how he could ever have been such a consummate fool as to come to such a place, anyhow. Meanwhile some hundreds of bewitching damsels promenade before him, wondering who he is and what he is worth.

In the evening he strolls down to the beach, and admires pale Luna rising and bathing in a flood of silvery light, earth, ocean, bath-houses and things. Pale Luna, however, has not the same attraction for him that he has for the mosquitoes. Speedily ascertaining this fact, he fights his way through vast unexplored tracts of mosquitoes to his hotel, and up to his room, where he is lulled awake by their soft tremulous music.

We might continue the description, and tell how in the morning he resolves to take a delicious roll in old ocean. Donning a bathing-suit, he comes out on the beach feeling like a—well, never mind what. He takes consolation in thinking that everybody else feels as bad as he does. Now comes the long-looked-for moment. A bold plunge, shivers, gasps, etc., and he emerges in a few minutes blue and trembling, his mouth full of salt water, resolving never to do it again. Then, if he is a sensible man, he will take the first train home, and tell what a glorious old time he had "down at the shore." Nor will he wait until his face is dyed a brilliant and permanent red, so that his oldest friends have trouble in recognizing him.

Multiply the above by as many days or weeks as you choose, add a little harmless flirtation, two or three fishing-excursions, in which you get oh! so sick, and a board-bill of such prodigious size that we have no room here to describe it, and you have life at the sea-side, which, though not so very bad when you are used to it, is largely composed of unadulterated bore.

HEM LOCH.

THE DESIRABLE COUNTRY RESIDENCE.



'Twas a Desirable Country Residence,
All in the Gothic style,
Whereof to his darling little wife
With an ecstatic smile

He read the glowing advertisement
That told of the lovely view,
The charactair of the Balmy Air
By a Lake of Heavenly Blue.



Now not a day was ended—
Not a day but only three—
When they started out for the station—
That man and his little wifie.
All for to see that Mansion
With its Sanitary Atmosphere,
Its Orchard neat, and its lakelet sweet
Of Azure crystal clear.



Behold them there arrive—
That man and his wifie—
They appear in the act of receiving a blow
To their credulitee.

"This be their Country Residence!"
He said with a stony glaire:
"Let us hie away, and seek, I pray,
For their Blithe and Balmy Air!"



They hied them away to seek it,
That air so Balmy— but
The extent of their discoveries
Is visible in the cut.

"Now this be their balmy ether!
I' faith, 'tis too balmeel
Yet do not speak, for it's going to seek
That Azure Lake I be!"



They found that Sheet of Azure—
Now ashamed to write I am—
But the Balmy Breeze, through the murmuring trees,
Bore a mystic sound like—"Maria!
This is *your* Desirable Country Residence!"

"I USED TO SAY."

I USED to say naught could eclipse
The smile which usually decked her;
I used to say her rounded lips
Were nectar.

I used to say she was a bird,
At which she'd blush and smile demurely;
I used to say things quite absurd,
Most surely.

I used to say, in boyish rhymes,
That she was fair beyond adorning;
I used to say to her, at times,
"Good morning!"

I used to say, down in the glen,
My love for her I ne'er could smother;
I used to say first one thing, then
Another.

I used to say, "My love, I shan't
Forget thee, even in life's December;"
I used to say things which I can't
Remember.

I used to say all sorts of stuff,
For I was love-sick and unsteady;
I used to say—(I've said enough
Already).

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A PROPOSED POLICE IMPROVEMENT.

I AM a policeman. My name is Peter Killum, and my number is 39,002. I am well known to the judges, reporters, and, through the press, I flatter myself that Peter Killum is well known to the public, also. The coroners know me, too; and it is for this reason that I want to write the following communication.

Being a policeman, it is natural I am not a surgeon. If I was a surgeon I wouldn't be a policeman. Not much. So when I find a man corkscrewing over the pavement on my beat I take him in, and make a charge against him for being drunk. Oftentimes the man *is* drunk; and then I am all right. Oftentimes the man has had a fall, fractured his skull, is suffering from an apoplectic fit or a sunstroke, and then he dies when we put him on the stone-floor of a damp cell. It's on occasions like these that the reporters come out with remarks about "another police outrage," and pitch into me, Peter Killum, in a way that is exasperating to a man's feelings. Wouldn't I like to scoop in some of them fellows! I've lain in wait for 'em, but they seem to be such steady fellows, never doing anything out of the way, that I'm blessed if I don't think the reporters of the New York press all belong to the Y. M. C. Association.

However, these accidents *will* happen in the best regulated police precincts, and the reporters *will* harrow up the public mind about them through the daily papers. What is the result? The public is dissatisfied with the police; ladies and children look upon us as monsters and bugaboos; the press of the city is defiled with these awful tales of blood; travelers avoid the metropolis for the fear of us—and the dead man never comes to life, notwithstanding all the fuss made over the manner of his death.

This is a most lamentable state of affairs, and, clearly, something ought to be done. It has been suggested that a police surgeon should always be on hand at the station houses, or within call. Bless your heart, that is supposed to be the case now! And even if we had a surgeon always on duty, he could at best only pronounce our "victims" (as the reporters call them) to be dying, and the notoriety would

follow just as it now does. No; what we want is to do away with this publicity, and history offers a suggestion to me which I want submitted to my brethren of the force.

There was a man in some far Western State, of so uneasy a disposition and such fatal aim with the six-shooter, that he was obliged to equip and maintain a private burial place to stow away the remains of the men he had converted into corpses. "What man has done," says the copy-book, "man may do." Surely, then, what one mere civilian did out West, several thousand policemen may do in New York. A small subscription from each member of the force, and the police of this city would own a cemetery in which to hide forever from mortal sight those unavoidable errors which have affixed to us the stigma of brutality.

Just think of it! See how beautifully it would work! To illustrate a case:—Mr. Jeremy Jumms, whom we will suppose is a great merchant, having vast interests at stake, overworks himself. His wife and his doctor warn him; his own failing strength tells him that he is burning the candle of life at both ends. But he goes on, and gives himself no rest; until one day, he staggers on my beat and falls. I pick him up, make against him the usual charge of drunkenness, and we clap him in a cell. After a while the police surgeon comes along, says the man is dying, not from drink, but from a compound fracture of his skull. And here is where the beauty of my plan comes in. Do we give ourselves away to the reporters and the public? Not much! We just wait till Mr. Jeremy Jumms is dead and put him and all memory of him away in our cemetery. And how much better for Mr. Jeremy Jumms and all the little Jummses. Their hearts are never horrified with accounts of how their darling husband and father died on the cold stones of a police station; they don't have to gaze on the ghastly face of one they loved so dearly; they don't have to buy a rosewood casket, and flowers, and pay a minister and choir to give him an A 1 funeral.

They think of him as one who worked "not wisely, but too well," who overstrained his brain, and, in a fit of temporary insanity, stepped into the river. They think of him gently going out with the tide, the wavelets caressing his floating locks, and the little fishes gamboling around him, like dolphins about Cleopatra's barge. There's no inquest, no coffins, no fuss, no expense; everything is lovely; the widow gets her money and looks out for another husband.

Or, if Mr. Jeremy Jumms was of a lively disposition, and had an eye for a ripe lip and a well-turned ankle, Mrs. J. J. believes he has gone off with some "creature;" so she grabs his estate, and, in time, she gets a divorce. But her heart is never bowed down with grief, and the pang of her bereavement is kept from her forever. She only wants to "get at" that "hussy!"

There being no accounts of "police outrages" in the papers, the public feel happier and more secure; little children don't run away screaming when they see us approaching; and strangers will no longer be afraid to visit the city.

In another case, the "cemetery" would be a boon to the public. Suppose, say, I have been playing casino in Tom Grogg's saloon, just before time to go on duty. Suppose I had lost a pile of money on the game, and had, naturally, drunk a good deal. That would put me out of temper, you will confess; so, if I have to make an arrest, and the fellow won't come along easy, I, naturally, club him. Now, when an officer begins to club a man, he never knows when to leave off; generally, he stops short of killing his "victim;" but if we had the "cemetery," the officer would finish his

man at once. Then the time of judges, grand and petit juries and district attorneys would not be taken up, and a great expense would be saved to the county. In a short time we could dispense with half of our police courts, so many "cases" would not live to come to trial. Think of this, taxpayers!

Certain plots might be assigned to extremely vigorous officers who would be proud to decorate the grounds, and soon the natural emulation among the force as to which should have the largest and most beautiful enclosure, would stimulate the police to great exertions and our "cemetery" would soon outlive Greenwood.

Only it would have no mourning marbles; only trees, flowers, and grasses! Here would be no obituary tablets, perpetuating grief, telling how "affliction sore, long time he bore," with unpleasant references to dust, and ashes, and corruption. No, no! Here would come the bulky policeman with his wife and little ones, and, pointing with a pardonable pride to his plot, remark:

"There's some of my work, my darlings! I've got about thirty of 'em planted there—you see your father does not get his \$1200 a year for nothing. And it *is* a lovely spot, isn't it? There wasn't not never no tears shed here. It doesn't make a man shiver to walk around under these trees. No minister ever seized the opportunity to scare the life out of the crowd in this place. It's rural, it's pastoral, it's—give me the brandy-bottle out of the lunch-basket, Marriar!—it's toooral-looral!"

So will say the bulky policeman, and so will say the entire force. It is a movement in the interest of all of us, and steps should be taken at once to inaugurate it.

TRIPLER.

PORTIA'S ADDRESS TO THE NEWSPAPER BOYS.

THE quality of American humor is not strained. It tumbleth as the gentle rain from Heaven, into the newspaper office. It is three times blessed. It blesses the paragrapher who writes and him that takes at \$4.35 a column. Likewise him that reads. But no more of that, for already I have one line too many. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes not, however, the spring poet or the man who writes puffs of the Stove Polish Companies. Nay! and more which will be stated further down where there is space to spare.

Its sceptre shows the general run of paragraphs: the attribute to crush the lambent editor, who plays King on the attic floor of a five-story dwelling at 9 dollars a week (laundry included).

It is enthroned in the hearts of the compositor. For there is very little of it spread over a great space, and much of it may be used annually.

Therefore, paragrapher, do not weaken on this humor racket.

For it is boss.

Though money be thy plea, consider this—that, in the course of journalism, none of us are wholly solid; hence let us not go back on humor, for outside of a religious patent-inside it lays right over everything else.

Besides, if you can stand it, the reader can. And if he cannot, let him suggest another way to earn the \$4 a week.

I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of the plea

That humor is N. G. as regards pay.

If you are not now convinced, I can say no more.

For the subject of this is humor.

And I will hang to it if it costs me my life. If you think you can do any better, just tackle the subject yourself. I'm done.

ODE—WITH VARIATIONS.

SWEET June! oh, come with coy reluctant feet,
And kind withholding of thy cruel heat,
Nay, then, but come, O maiden month most fair!
With thy rich roses in thy regal hair;
With tender memories of past loves, and some
Symptoms premonitory of more to come.
Yet stay thy opulent sunset's pinks and yellows
If that our girl should be another fellow's—
Stay away permanently.

Well, come to think,

Don't stay, O season of the Summer Drink:
As for the dewdrop yearns the thirsty tulip
My whole soul goes out to the gay mint-julep.
It does—just that!

Hence, month of bitter fruit,
That brings the necessity of the summer suit—
Get out of this! I know what thou art at.
Thou lures me to buy a new straw hat.
Begone! Depart from me! for I despise
Thy hints of striped socks and Oxford ties.
Hence with thy mad frivolities!

O June!

Heed not my ravings. Come—come p. d. soon.
Or, rather, since thou art come, stay, most dear,
Pour thy libations large of lager-bier.
[Hist here, O Reader. You must understand
I was aware that June was in the land;
But wouldn't miss that rhyme to come anyway
You fix it.]

June, you hear me, stay!

Yet, still—on other accounts you'd better go.
Which course to recommend you demfino.
Stay, luscious month of the lush poet's dream.
Go, month of maids working the strawberry cream
Racket. Stay, month when zephyr gentlest blows.
Go, month of house-flies and of mosquitoes,
Stay, month most opulent in thy blossom hoard.
Go, month that gives desire for country-board;
Stay, month that boasteth Aphrodite's natal
Day. Go, thou month of peaches green and fatal.
Stay, May's warm sister. Go, July's fresh pal,
Get thee quick hence! No, do not.

June, old gal,

Wherefore do I apostrophize thee thus?
Hail thee with benediction or with cuss?
Why do I plaintive pray thee to remain;
Or madly howl to thee to go again?
For aught that I can say hast thou a care?
Thy place is fixed upon the calendair
Howe'er I buzz thee, neither more nor fewer
Will be thy days.

This thing is solid, sure,

H. C. BUNNER.

THAT "HOME."

WHAT IS JUDGE HILTON TO DO WITH HIS
BIG WHITE ELEPHANT?

FROM the latest bulletins I learn that
Judge Hilton is out of danger.

This makes me happy. I was one of
the crowd at that Cooper Institute meeting last
week, and I had feared that, ere this, duty
would have called me to assist at a flowery and
festive funeral over the remnants of the Judge.
When Mrs. Dr. Lozier mumbled at him, and
the ripe and rotund Fletcher, in velvet and
valenciennes, howled at him, and when the
aggressive Devereux Blake poured hot shot into
him, not to speak of the random fusilade of
stray sharpshooters—it *did* seem to me that a
man must be more than pachydermatous to
survive the attack. The Judge is clothed in
triple brass. Bergh couldn't have lived through

such abuse; and I believe that even George
the Count would have sat him down and died
under such a tornado of vituperation.

But it is a little hard on Hilton—isn't it?—
—after corkscrewing in tortuous ways after
Stewart's dry-goods shops, that now "for five
years" (we are quoting from the resolutions
adopted at the meeting) "we shall not buy
anything at Stewart's stores." Several ladies
of high position in New York, whose portraits
we are permitted to publish, swear to buy no
crêpe de Chine, no Spanish lace, velvets, or
silk hosiery, from Judge Hilton for five years.



This will help trade in Baxter street however,
and Mrs. Max Moses Nebuchadnezzar will do a
flourishing business in soap-scented and am-
monia-flavored "cast-off" wearing apparel.

But what about the Bachelor's Home? Will
men live there? Breathes there a man with
soul so dead, who of himself would have it
said, "I hang out at Hiltons"? Would he like
to date his letters from the "Men's Home"?
How he would have to sneak around to get out
o' mornings, and skirmish about the portals to
get in again at night. For, surely, woman will
place scouts and sentries about the big white
pile to see what degenerate men will be base
enough to dwell there. And still more surely
no woman could be found to marry a man who
dwelt in the Hilton Caravanserai. The female
back is up. Mrs. Fletcher has shaken her
dear little fist (which we have been permitted



to photograph), and the "Hotel" may be a
hotel for cooks, scullions, servants, bartenders,
and bootblacks, but for man who respects the
mother that bores him, it will be a hotel, never!

What, then, shall be done with it?

As the women won't buy anything from
"Stewart's Stores," it can't be turned into a
Dry-Goods Palladium. Were it large enough
Puck might take it for his office. The central
court-yard might be converted into a "Home"
for the manufacture of Limburger cheese—if all
the outer windows were hermetically sealed. A
million or two might cut it up into French flats,

if there were American flats enough to occupy
it—which Betsey Gamp, says Mrs. Harris to
me, don't you suppose for a minit. No; there
seems only one way to utilize this Gigantic
Pile, and that is herein submitted to PUCK, to
Mrs. Stewart, and the rest of the world.

Surely, Mrs. Stewart has millions galore, and
what will she do with them? Her husband was
a cleverer man than she is, but he couldn't take
his balance in bank with him when he soared
away all around the little stars and up above
the moon. She can disburse billions to erect a
Temple to the greater glory of—(we were
about to say "of God")—to the glory of A. T.
Stewart; but still she can't spend *all* her money.
She *can't* do it. And certainly she has already
done enough for Judge Hilton—more than he
ever did for her, or for her husband's memory.
Let her then employ her money, while there is
yet time, in establishing a sort of *Hotel des
Invalides*, a Home for the Heavy-hearted, an
Asylum for the Miserable. Think of the crowds
her charity would comfort; the forlorn dis-
charged from her husband's two stores. Then
the widowed father of children, who was
bounced because he "lost" a day attending
his wife's funeral, would revel in champagne on
toast. Here the man who used two inches too
much of cord in tying up a \$50 parcel, and got
his walking-papers therefor, may feast on de-
viled eel's kidneys, *a l'eau de vie smashée*. Now
will the liverless goose smile to see the *paté de
foie gras* glide down the gullet of the wretched
salesman who was "shook" because he omitted
the regulation salute to the Third Deputy Floor-
Walker's First Assistant Adjutant-General! This



would, indeed, be a noble charity! Were I an
artist, as Keppler is, I would draw an angel
flapping his wings in joy at the sight of such
goodness.

And, since the women are not going to pa-
tronize the great dry-goods stores, Judge Hilton
will find his occupation gone. Here is a chance
for him! Fancy him feeding soup to a poor old
clerk, discharged for superannuation; or tuck-
ing up in bed a gouty old invalid, who was
chucked out of employment because he couldn't
stand on his feet all day without rest. The Judge
ought to do something for the money he has
received. I am not familiar with the tariff of
lickspittle, but I doubt if any amount of it is
payable by millions of dollars. "The evil that
men do lives after them; the good is often in-
terred with their bones," wrote the Count
Joannes, author of Shakspeare. Let us reverse
all this. Tie a white apron about you, Judge
Hilton, and gird up your loins for action! Stir
the fragrant porridge, chop the dainty hash,
open the Stewart cellars, that the sparkling
Moselle, the exhilarating Roederer, and the
tawny Port, may warm the chill blood of the
bruised and broken salesmen and workmen,
wounded under the wheels of the Stewart Jug-
ernaut.

Thus may the big building, indeed, become
a hotel; and the women, under the lead of the
fair and frisky Fletcher, may possibly forgive
you.

E. S. L.



First lessons in Communism. "Help yourself!"



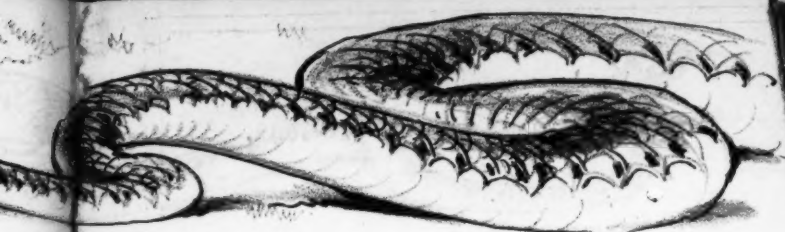
How the Commune is supported.



Nobody having an exclusive right to property, any poor (and muscular) female can get nice clothes easily.



UCK.



it grows the bigger it becomes.



No more silver or greenbacks! Steel and lead will be the current coin of the Commune.



Everything being common property to every body, of course every man's wife is every other man's wife—which is confusing to the female.



Communists trying to make a new world—but, somehow, tinker as they will, it appears all out of shape.

BOY LOST.

the League of Order League) "In the name of Humanity and Decency, this show must stop!"

E ROOT ON AMERICAN SOIL?



DRAMATIC NOTES.

AIMEE has taken a last farewell.

THE Hess Company are at the Grand Opera House this week.

MISS LEONA MOSS is now at the Union Square Theatre, and the "Lady of Lyons" prevails in consequence.

MISS KATIE MAYHEW has a version of Bret Harte's "Millis," which she is to produce at the Grand Opera House, August 12th. Miss Mayhew, who is young and promising, will play the title rôle.

SINCE it has been ascertained that J. K. Emmet's reconstructed "Fritz" is an improvement on the previous edition, people are beginning to say that with weekly changes he may have eventually a fair play.

MODJESKA reappears here in September. Bozenta will accompany her. The paragraphers do not chronicle where they will stop. From the way the Count has been accompanying his wife, we infer that he will stop at nothing.

WHEN Fanny Davenport and Mary Anderson played at rival theatres in New Orleans, the Southern chivalry was stirred to the depths of admiration. If the two ladies play *Olivia* here as is anticipated, a terrible responsibility will fall on New Yorkers.

THE end of "Diplomacy" is nigh. As the cessation of the regular Wallack season invariably marks the beginning of Summer, it is to be hoped that hot weather will not set in prematurely. In this case our large English colony would lose faith in Providence entirely.

MME. MODJESKA may congratulate herself on possessing a manager of sincere and fervent piety. The other day some one said to him: "I hear you cleared \$24,000 on your last trip. I suppose you expect to make still more out of Modjeska next season?"

Mr. Sargent raised his hands devoutly to heaven as he replied:

"If the Lord spares her to me, I shall make a pile."

Then, dropping his voice, he added:

"But she's very fragile."

A STORY is going about the country regarding a wonderful dream which occurred to Mary Anderson, the prairie phenomenon. It seems (according to the dream) that Miss Cushman told her to play *Medea*. So impressed has been Miss Anderson with the occurrence that she has not done as directed. At last accounts Miss Cushman's friends, having failed utterly from dissuading Miss A. to repudiate the dream (it having already appeared in the papers) were rallying in force to induce her not to play *Medea*, as they fear the worst. If Miss A. has any shred of regard for her own status or

Miss C.'s memory, she will refrain from assailing the maternal Greek.

THE *Sun* recently gave a very peculiar extract from the cash-book of the Adams-Pappenheim Combination. The interesting point seemed to be the following item:

Press Expenses [] A., Sch. . . . check for \$200 (not paid.)

But there was one other entry which the *Sun* omitted. It ran thus:

Press Expenses [] A., (Wehler), . . . \$25.

It was probably too mystic for the general public. The puzzling "[] A." meant, as the *Sun* explained, "sugar—Ahrens"—that is, a *douceur* given by Captain Ahrens to an incorruptible press. But the "(Wehler)"—what did that mean? There is no "Wehler" on the German press of this city. It was probably the Teutonic book-keeper's way of spelling some name that must forever blush unseen—if there is any blush about the owner thereof. We give it up. But whoever "Wehler" may be, we will wager something that he swore profanely when he found out the relative commercial value of himself and "Sch."

THE BASHI-BAZOUK AT HOME.

IT is curious to note how completely our old friend the Bashi-Bazouk has dropped out of the public mind. It is but a few months since he ranked easily as the boss atrocity of Europe. His name filled the speaking-trumpet of Fame, and ran over the edge a little. He was the one subject of sportive jest or fiery denunciation, and he seemed to care remarkably little which. The papers spelled his name in three or four different ways—the true test of greatness. In fact, for wild variety of orthography he was equalled only by Kupra-Kaleh and William Shakspeare. His sanguinary diversions were known to the whole world. Whenever a *Herald* war-map became too venerable for further use, before being put on the retired list it was rounded off on the corners, treated to a few picturesque digs with a large jack knife, and worked in for a final appearance as a view of a quarter-section of a six-months baby, mutilated by a Bashi-Bazouk.

But now—who hears of the Bashi-Bazouk? Last summer's straw hat has not so utterly dropped out of sight and memory. He is vanished, like a dream or a bank-cashier.

Is he dead? No. An atrocity never dies. Witness George Francis Train. What, then, has become of him?

He has retired to the bosom of his family. That is the simple fact of the case. Strange as it may seem to look upon the Bashi-Bazouk in that domestic light, he is a family-man—an atrocity of family, we might more correctly phrase it.

He has gone back to his rural dwelling on the banks of the Nisheh-Khotoum-beg. There are his young barbarians all at play. There is his ancestral wood-pile. In the presence of that stupendous institution he is a changed man. At home, the Bashi-Bazouk's wife is the leading atrocity. She dominates the household. She bosses the ranch, to speak more idiomatically. It is she who puts his battle-scarred sabre into his hands and says:

"Ali Ben Jones, God is great and Mahomet is his prophet; but if there ain't half a cord of firewood in the kitchen inside of seventeen minutes, there'll be lively times around this house, you bet."

And he meekly takes the implement of warfare, and goes out, muttering between his teeth:

"These aren't like the good old days when I used to massacre whole villages before breakfast, and gouge entrails from the word go. No, sir!"

Answers for the Anxious.

PHELPS.—Dodge.

HOLDEN.—Hold on.

HASELTINE.—She thinks so, too.

EXOTIC.—You bloom too much.

ISHMAEL.—Strike out for the desert.

HUNGARIAN.—The Kossuth business is played in. We are not, just at present, helping bleeding Hungary by purchasing sonnets written in Bulgarian.

POET.—Your muse appears to be a bad crowd. If you can't instill a little more moral principle into her, the best thing you can do is to quietly shake her and go into the dry-goods business.

EDGAR ALLEN SHELLEY.—Choose a good, clear-colored, solid block of Carrara marble; put on any fancy biographical sketch that pleases you, fill in the date of your visit to our office, and then call down and see us about your poem.

A. E. BUCHSTABER.—We agree with Mr. Ingersoll in many things, and we believe he has helped to clear up several doubtful theological questions. But until he has finally settled the future-punishment point, we do not think it safe for you to go on in your mad paragraphic course.

VICK DE VAUX.—We can't give you the names of contributors who do not sign; but we have forwarded your letter to the author of the article you mention, and he will reply if he sees fit. Concerning your complimentary remarks on ourselves, we fully approve of all you say. You are a man of sense and appreciation, and we are quite as good as you think we are.

MATER GRACCHIO.—Your boys can't write for this paper. After ten or twenty years of seasoning, they may do for the *New York Ledger*, but that is the *Ledger's* look-out. We have pretty clearly defined opinions upon infant phenomena in general. Warm mustard-plasters on the stomach, and essential oil of shingle elsewhere form about the best method of treatment for youths of six and eight who want to write humorous poetry.

R. H. L. ("SHERWOOD").—You are so extremely fresh, young man, that it is a wonder that someone hasn't taken you for a green peach and eaten you. The extent of your brashness will be understood by the public when we mention that you have offered us a lot of "Answers" for this column, apparently under the impression that it is a work of fancy. Gentle youth, if you don't know that everyone of these responses represents a genuine, solid gory scalp, you have made the biggest mistake of your life. We add yours to the collection with a specially and particularly keen sense of pleasure.

R. KESTER.—We don't think we can use your poem: "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Lowell's version appears to us preferable. The two differ only in orthography, it is true; but Lowell's method of spelling "perfect" with a final *t* seems to us to knock your system all to spots. "Perfec" lacks finish. At any rate, if we use either, we think we shall try Lowell's; principally because he is an old man, and might feel badly if we slighted him. And you must admit that he rather got the start of you by a year or two.

A YOUNG and enthusiastic poet has oftentimes a wonderful influence over the wayward fancies of a beautiful girl who is a worshipper of genius; but a soap-fat boiler is more likely to marry her.

A charm to the primroses yellow
Is lent by the halcyon skies,
And over the valley sweet, mellow,
The blackbird playfully flies;
The dew gems the floweret's pistil,
The swallow flits over the weir,
And bright shines the shimmering crystal
On the schooner of beer.

A THEATRE WITH TRADITIONS.

IT is not often nowadays that we find a theatre with traditions. The present run of management allows but little else than contemporary history, and a rather jagged record at that. There is a house, however, in New York the management of which has not changed in the memory of man. Neither has the plan of running it. This house is Wallack's. Exactly how it begun no one knows. When (if ever) its course will close no one has the audacity to contemplate. It is presumed that when the world was created Wallack's was made a part of it, and the probable reason why none of the sacred historians have made mention of it is, either that they feared to offend Mr. Wallack, or that they thought the implication in Genesis that the Lord made a perfect world would be evidence enough that he had not overlooked Wallack's.

It is a tradition of Wallack's that day lasts from 8 to 4, and night from 7 to 11. (These are the hours when the box-office is open.) If some unsophisticated western theatre-goer arrives to buy a seat before 8 A.M., and goes away finding the place closed, the attachés are gleeful to think that such swift retribution has overtaken him. If he arrives a second after, in the afternoon, they experience the wildest delight in gently closing the door in his face and remarking: "This house is closed." Their cup of happiness is brimful if they can refuse proffered money and allude to the "rules of the establishment."

It is a tradition of the house that all performances given within its walls are to be received in respectful silence. The clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and other demonstrations, are not permitted. There is no objection to these manifestations, if done quietly and discreetly, on the occasion of Mr. Wallack's entrée on the first night of the season; but if too long prolonged they will subject the offender to ejection at the hands of the ushers, who have been with Mr. Wallack for fifteen years. It should be stated here that when Mr. Wallack moved to this house he found these ushers stationed there, at once engaged them, and has made no change in the force since.

It is a tradition of the house that Mr. Baker leads the orchestra. The gentleman happened to be absent one night, and it is said that the company grieved exceedingly in consequence, and could scarcely go on with their parts.

It is a tradition of the theatre that there is always a paying house in attendance. The weather affects other houses—but not Wallack's. One rainy night a man entered the theatre and found it comparatively empty. He asked the cause. Three attachés approached him. The one who took precedence in years and length of service said: "The theatre is deceptive. It looks empty, but it is really full." The second stood back respectfully. When his colleague had finished he said: "Everyone here paid. The house is not as large as usual. We have just enough to pay expenses—no less." The third man said: "There is scarcely anyone here, true. But the house is no less a good one. Our advance-sale was \$700. The seats are paid for but not occupied." "Hush!" said attaché No. 1, "Mr. Wallack is in the bill himself." "True," said No. 3, coloring greatly. But perhaps they did not know that.

It is even recorded that once, during the season 1873-4, a really poor house was expected, consequent upon bad weather. The money was refused, as it is against the traditions to have anything but a paying house.

It is a tradition that just 51 per cent. of the audience are English. It has been repeatedly shown by statistics that the English colony here is not sufficient to make this possible. Mr. Wallack now admits the fallacy, but pleads that it



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR WILHELM.

The Emperor has been put to bed. Nobeling conducted to his dungeon by the police. Method of arrest prevalent in Berlin.

is a recognized tradition, hence beyond his power to change.

The traditions extend not only to the house, but to the performers. For many years Mr. Stoddart was the only member permitted to say "damn." He said it frequently. Another member used the expression and was discharged. In the course of time Mr. Stoddart was given another indulgence. He was permitted by Mr. Wallack to say "ecod." By some fearful headstrong recklessness he got to using "ecod" more than "damn." And from that moment his connection with the house closed. The word "damn" descended by right to Mr. John Gilbert, whose exclusive property it now is. Several members have left the company this season under mysterious circumstances, traceable directly to their infringement on Mr. Gilbert's privilege. It is still shared, however, by the scene-shifters, during Mr. Wallack's absence.

It is a tradition that Mr. Floyd can play young men characters. He is permitted to wear a velvet coat and a blond wig, a right he has won by twenty-three years of faithful service. A touching incident is recorded about it. Mr. Floyd was once cast to play *Fagin* in Boston. "Mr. Waalock has been very kind to me," said Floyd; "I will wear my velvet coat and wig." He did so as *Fagin*, and Mr. Wallack was so touched by the incident that he said that Mr. Floyd should never want for anything while Wallack's Theatre stood. He rewarded Mr. Brougham's fidelity with a life-insurance policy. "Mr. Floyd," Mr. Wallack observed, "is assured in a safer institution."

A tradition of the house is the ingénue, filled time out of mind by a pretty and pleasing young actress. It is usually changed once a year. Miss Boniface is the present incumbent.

It is a tradition of the house that no "gagging" is allowed. An exception, however, is made in favor of all who have been engaged there fifteen years or more. A member who had served fourteen years and nine months, and who interpolated a "gag" into "She Stoops to Conquer," was summarily removed.

It is a tradition of the house that the "Wallack" audience is composed of the identical people who went to the theatre fifteen years ago. It has been suggested that several of them have died and some moved from New York, but this heresy is scouted at as an innovation.

It is said that a commercial buyer from Memphis, who had seen Lawrence Barrett play in "Rosedale," went to Wallack's and was so impressed by Mr. Wallack's *Elliot Grey* that he applauded. He was warned by the ushers to

desist. He did so, but at one very exciting tableau so far forgot himself and the traditions of the house as to wave his handkerchief. He was forcibly dragged out of the house. It came to Mr. Wallack's knowledge that the man was a stranger; hence he was magnanimously forgiven and enjoined never to offend again.

It is a tradition of the theatre that the personal addresses of the company are never given to inquirers. A gentleman was asked at the box-office for the address of an actor who was a warm personal friend. The box-office man was loth to offend, but he remembered the traditions. "I do not know his address," he said, bravely, and then, looking around to see if anyone was listening, he whispered stealthily: "but there is a number on a card—it may be his."

It is a tradition of Wallack's that not only the audience but also the performers never change. Thus Wallack, Gilbert, Floyd, Holland, Brougham, Ayling, Eytinge, and Sefton, are still the names announced.

It was once suggested to Mr. Wallack that he should advertise his theatre in Brooklyn. He declined, saying that it was a small place. The advertiser quoted the census report. Mr. Wallack said that his father has twice, within his remembrance, spoken of it as small. The advertiser said that it has increased since. Mr. Wallack said that he discredited it. If the advertiser could find any authority in Genesis for his violating the tradition not to advertise in small places, he would do it. The advertiser said he could not. Mr. Wallack said that had it been essential for him to advertise in Brooklyn it would have been recorded in Genesis (probably in the earlier part of the narrative). It was, anyway, too late to correct the oversight now.

* * *

While we cannot help being amused at these traditions, it is perhaps as well to remember that a man who has the courage to live up to rules of his own formation, is one to be encouraged—an opinion which has received pretty effective popular support.

THE season is o'er for dramatics,
And Hamlet has bidden farewell
To the boards, and has turned to aquatics,
And now he spins out in his shell,
The girls by the river admire him,
The worth of their homage he feels,
'Till an unseen swell suddenly fires him
In head over heels.

(From Tinsley's Magazine.)

MRS. FITZGERALD.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

Author of "Two Knaves and a Queen."

(Continued.)

SHE asked many questions of this friend, who had seen him lately. He was prepared to take a dying oath that Fitz had eaten nothing but sausage and bread, crying the while like a child. Fitz choked as he tried to gulp down the miserable *bock*, and went to sleep breathing the name of Clara, Clara—Eh? Oh, ah, yes; that is—of course—yes—to be sure it was not Clara, but Mary. Yes, he distinctly heard him say Mary before he began to move. The friend also said, in reply to her inquiry, that she would certainly have to join her husband in a few days—a week at the very outside. Fitz was only waiting for money to provide necessary comforts. And the journey would cost her under a pound if she went third class and by the cheapest route.

Mary left him, and going into her bedroom, she opened the box which contained all that her husband had ever given her, except the precious notes she was to keep for him. She looked around to see if anything was left out. There was only one other treasure to send. She took from her portmanteau a little toy house, which opened with a key. It had been given to her when she was a child to put her first pennies in. She emptied out the money she had accumulated—all her careful savings—and subtracting three sovereigns as ample to cover her expenses for the next few days, she wrapped the remainder in a ribbon she took from her throat, and kissing it, hid the little parcel in a corner of the box. There was a sweet pleasantry in her mind, and she wrote on a scrap of paper, which she laid on the top of the wool-covered packages, "Peep well in the corners," and smiled, thinking her husband would be pleased to hunt for her present—poor fool!

She locked the box and gave it with the key to the friend, and watched the cab that bore them away till it was lost to sight, wishing with her whole heart she might change places with that indifferent friend, or even the inanimate box; and then she went back with a sigh to her bedroom, and after standing a while motionless in reverie, she quietly knelt down by the bed and prayed for the welfare of her dear husband.

Of course she was a fool; but should she be loved and revered the less? We men, least of any, should discountenance folly in wives; for if all were wise, how little should we be loved—how hopeless our lives!

How eagerly she looked for a letter! The young ladies at the post-office knew her so well that they smiled and shook their heads when she made her appearance, without waiting for her to express her requirement.

"But are you sure you know me?" she asked one day.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Fox; you want a letter with a foreign post-mark; none in, I assure you."

"Very, very strange," said Mary, trying to smile, and then withdrew with no semblance of happiness on her face. Perhaps the post-office girls had seen that look before, and knew what it meant. Day after day she called, sometimes buying a stamp in order to call twice.

The anxious days and miserable nights that poor little wife spent were such as only the unloved and solitary can conceive. She had no occupation, for hourly she hoped to be called away. She could not read, for what interest had fact over the romance of her life, or fiction over the fact of her present position? Presently the truth forced itself upon her that she

must rely upon herself only for bread and a home. A fortnight had passed away, and she had not received a line of acknowledgment from her husband for the box she had sent, nor the slightest intimation of his condition or intention.

"Either his letters have miscarried or he is ill—and I not able to help him, not able even to kiss his dear hand!" she said.

Two of the sovereigns were already changed, and if her stay in London were prolonged beyond the week she would not have sufficient money to pay her rent and passage. The third sovereign dissolved, and the wan-faced wife turned in desperation to the advertisement columns of a paper. She applied personally in answer to an advertised want, and was questioned minutely respecting her marriage, and desired to call again. She was indignant with their half-expressed doubt, half-concealed suspicion, and would not repeat her application. But she fared no better elsewhere. She was too young; and besides, single ladies were preferred, or married ladies whose husbands lived with them. She unwillingly took off her wedding-ring and said nothing about her state in the next application; but when she said she was alone and friendless, she found those claims upon charity considerably worse than useless. No one was to be blamed. Humanity demands that we should help to save the man who might save himself; but Discretion forbids us to approach him who struggles in mid-stream with a millstone about his neck.

As a last resource she applied to the authorities of the school she had left, as she believed, for ever, and threw herself upon their generosity. There was demur and consideration, but the Christmas holidays being at an end, and Mary Reid's post yet unsupplied, Mrs. Fitzgerald was engaged.

She could not lift her eyes from the ground as she passed, on that first day of her return, through George Montey's class-room; but the fall of a book and a short exclamation told her she was recognized. The evenings were dark now, and she walked along Oxford Street to her new home; yet she fancied that every one who passed had watched her life and knew her history. She suffered not for her own disappointment so much as for her pride in Fitzgerald, thinking that people must misapprehend her position and think ill of him.

"Only I know Reginald's real nature," she thought.

She still called regularly at the post-office, though now days had lengthened to weeks, and weeks to months. Her faith in her husband was not lessened by time. She believed any suggestions of her fancy, except such as were to his discredit. Nothing was inexcusable to her who loved entirely.

Those who have youth and innocence sorrow only for a time. Anxiety gave place to hope in Mary's tender bosom as the dark days passed away and the green buds burst their brown sheaths; and with hope came composure and flecks of sunny happiness. It was a good day when she chose the old path through the Park—it was the nearest way to Brixton. It revived painful memories for a time, but she enjoyed the fresh green of the trees, and paused on the bridge to watch the ducks paddling in the water beneath. She borrowed a novel from the circulating library, and cried over the misfortunes of the heroine. The summer passed, and when the leaves again fell she obtained a kitten; and on her return from school she would linger for an hour over her tea, nursing the kitten in the flickering firelight. Perhaps as she looked into the embers she thought of a dearer nursing which might more fitly have received her caresses at this time. For though she was but eighteen, yet was she a woman and a wife, and frequently a tear stole down her

cheek as she sat there with nothing but a drowsy kitten for her comfort.

George Montey saw Mary every day, and heard her called Mrs. Fox. He alone knew her secret; she had told him when their acquaintance was broken that she was to marry Reginald Fitzgerald, and subsequently he had seen the man's portrait with the reward for his apprehension, and recognized his identity. His manner was the same towards her now as in those bitter days before her marriage. He bowed when they met, and went about his duties in the old quiet way. His face alone had altered. Women are quick to detect change in the faces of those about them; the alteration in the face of her friend she could account for; and looking into the glass, it vexed her to see so little change in her own.

"Have I grieved less for the loss of a dear husband than George has for a silly girl who never cared for him as he deserved?" she thought.

Some idea of a parallel in their misfortunes invested him with a deeper interest than she had before felt him to possess. She sympathized with one who had loved and lost. Such sympathy is a dangerous sentiment for a young woman to harbor in her breast, especially if she be the lost loved one. Mary did not recognize her own position, and fancied her emotion was purely compassionate. One day she said "Good morning" to him. It was eighteen months since she had spoken to him; but he knew by the beating of his heart that his love had been subdued, not eradicated. That salutation disturbed the minds of both for the whole day, and the pupils had a pleasant time of it. He doubted whether he was not a born Don Juan, and she felt as though she had broken the ten commandments in thus disobeying the expressed desire of her precious husband. No wonder the cheeks of this dreadfully wicked couple were unusually pink when later in the day they dared to say "Good evening."

Mary went to sleep repenting that she had broken the silence; but when the morning came bright and fresh, she saw things in a matter-of-fact clear way, and resolved that she meant no harm and had done none. Certainly our conscience is less exacting before the meridian than after. They felt little compunction in repeating their greeting; but a trembling seized George Montey as the time approached to say two words to her again in the evening. His utterance was thick when, after some days, he attempted a remark upon the weather; but she smiled encouragingly, and he made quite a long speech on the same subject the next night. Insidiously the rulers of their destinies brought about a renewal of their friendship; and when their reserve was broken through, and George Montey saw Mary's motive, he was no longer afflicted with doubts as to his own virtue, and his composure assured her that she had done no wrong. So they met without blushes, and enjoyed companionship as reasonable souls should. She told him of her husband's goodness—she never tired of talking about him—and George listened attentively, not attempting by a word to lessen her faith; but he sighed that such love should be so wasted, and hoped sincerely that Reginald Fitzgerald would never come to destroy the only happiness he had ever given his wife. That he was dead seemed more than probable; for now sufficient time had elapsed since his flight for him to return and make use of the notes he had left in Mary's possession. Time alone would so have altered his appearance as to shield him from detection by the few who had briefly known him; and a man of his cleverness would not be wanting in devices to disguise himself.

Year followed year, and nothing occurred to

turn the current of their lives. It ran placid and even. Perhaps its very placidity made it unsatisfactory. There was neither joy nor sorrow in their days, and without these varieties life is incomplete and savorless. Both felt the dull oppression of mere existence. Mary conceived her feeling to be regret for the husband she had lost, but George Montey obtained a clearer perception of the truth, and saw no wisdom in encouraging her misconception now that her husband was morally, if not actually, dead.

She no longer loved Fitzgerald. That which she thought was love was but morbid sentiment, unhealthy and not good, encouraged by a strained sense of duty. George felt that even he would have ceased to love Mary exclusively after a separation of twelve years, and he was not influenced by vanity in supposing that he himself was of all men the one she really loved. Neither he nor she was happy, and he saw that the heaviness of their lives was attributable to one cause—an instinctive yearning (which she failed to recognize) for a fuller love and a more complete life. They were to each other more than friends, and the constraint upon their feelings was contrary to nature. It was as if earth were piled above the shoot whenever it struggled to the light. Sickly and pale and attenuated the growth must be, and though for a while it continued to exist, despite the unnatural conditions imposed upon it, it must surely perish, never developing its intended beauty of bud and blossom and fruit.

He saw no wrong in asking her to be his wife, but he dreaded the result of his temerity, knowing the strong hold that prejudice had upon her. He told her what was upon his mind, and had his worst apprehensions realized. Mary started from him as though he had suddenly held a viper towards her. She would not believe that he was not in earnest, until he assured her of his calm judgment and sincerity, when she treated his offer as an unwarranted insult offered to herself which she could never forgive.

She bade him discontinue his acquaintance with her until he returned to his senses, and could bring her an apology for what he had said. Then she went home and cried.

George Montey took her at her word, and accepting an advantageous offer which had long been kept open to him, he became headmaster of a school at Shoreham. Mary accepted his farewell coldly enough, and felt bitterly towards him. She said to herself she was glad he was gone, but in truth it was his going that stung her. She was angry because he did not return humbly to ask her forgiveness and continue silently to worship her; but she imagined her displeasure to be consequent upon his believing her capable of forgetting her dear handsome Reginald to love him, a plain old conceited fellow. Then she was vexed with herself for taking the matter to heart and thinking at all of him. She was utterly wretched. The weather was bad, the children tiresome, and the work of teaching them unbearable.

"Am I to be a drudge all my life?" she wondered. Her loneliness was like a dead weight upon her heart, which nothing lightened. She was strangely anxious to hear from him, and looked eagerly for a letter upon entering her room when she came home at night. He wrote two or three letters during the term; but she did not encourage him to write more frequently, although she so desired to hear from him. Nothing could be more formal than her replies. She missed his companionship far more than she had expected, and was surprised to find how poor all conversation was in comparison with his. It made her think deeply of the quiet devotion he had practiced without display for thirteen years.

One day the thought struck her that but for

her he might have married a woman who would more fully have appreciated his fidelity and goodness than ever she had, and that now, instead of being a lonely old bachelor, he might have been a happy husband, with children about his knee. She felt she had been selfish in accepting his devotion, knowing that she never, oh, no! never could be more to him than a friend. And the truth forced itself upon her that her husband, if living, could care little for her, since he never wrote a line to her. She could not help comparing him with George. Young dandies, though they frequently cast admiring glances upon this pretty lady of thirty, had lost their charm for her, and she hoped that if her husband lived he would be something like George Montey. But despite those sentiments, Mrs. Fitzgerald continued to regard George as an offender.

His vacation commenced before hers, and that was how it came to pass that, on her way home one evening, she saw George Montey walking towards her. Age had improved him. His beard was of fashionable cut, and the air of the downs had brought color to his cheek. He wore now a suit of clothes which fitted him well, and were not threadbare. Altogether he looked quite handsome, and Mary was conscious of blushing in spite of herself. His tone was cheerful—much more so than Mary desired: she was piqued. He had neither offered apology nor suffered remorse; he had grown bright and handsome, whilst she had been pining and growing pale and thin. She resolved not to show what she felt; and as he would not be dejected, she assumed a gayety which she was far from feeling.

"Are there many young ladies at Shoreham?" she asked archly.

"Yes."

"And I suppose you lead quite a gay life?"

"Why do you suppose that?"

"You haven't to listen to the troubles of a miserable woman."

"True."

"And instead of the wearying work of lightening one sad woman's burden, you have had a dozen smiling girls to relieve you of yours."

"Is that my fault, Mrs. Fitzgerald?" he asked. Mary was silent, and he continued, in a bantering tone, "I can prevent a dozen girls loving me no more than I can induce one other to love me."

"I am not a girl; perhaps that is why I do not love you. I am quite an old woman—thirty next month."

"Is that all?"

"Your passion does not make you a flatterer, Mr. Montey."

"I hope not. It seems absurd to think I have known you only thirteen years. I am forty, and I remember nothing of my life before I knew you."

"I suppose I have altered greatly."

"So I suppose have those trees under which we walked so long since; yet to me they seemed no less beautiful then than now."

Mary bowed and smiled. She was not too old to be pleased with the delicate compliment that is offered truthfully, and yet means more than it says.

"Have you ever sat in a train which ran side by side with another at equal rate?" asked George.

"Yes, and the other seemed not to move at all."

"So it is with our growth. We have kept pace with these trees, and see no change; but if the natural growth of one had been retarded, we should at once detect it. For example, Mrs. Fitzgerald, suppose an iron band had been riveted about this trunk some eleven or twelve years since, we should find, instead of the noble growth above us, fulfilling the divine purpose for which it was created, a life beautiful

in its decline. A tenderer tint would distinguish the unnourished leaves, and its drooping arms would fall in graceful curves. We should look at it sadly, as at a wasted life. All its vigor would be devoted to overcoming the unnatural condition of living in a fetter. All the ablest gardener could do, short of removing that cincture, would never give the tree health. Presently even its pale beauty must depart, for Nature will have nothing more to do with it; for you must know, Mrs. Fitzgerald, that Nature did not intend her beautiful creations to have iron bands riveted upon them. Poor tree! In twelve years the iron would sink so deep into its bark, that not even the kind gardener could wrench it away without cutting into the very heart of the tree. Perhaps the tree would rather die quietly than be so hacked and torn. The gardener would look to Nature for assistance. Even iron decays with long exposure; and possibly the noble tree, in one last struggle to keep Nature's divine law, might, with its swelling heart—I think you said it had a heart, Mrs. Fitzgerald—burst its unnatural bond. Then, with the joy of a new life, it would shoot its arms gratefully upward to the heavens."

Mary was not offended; she led up to such conversations rather than avoided them, and sat in the waning light of evening, under the Park trees, listening with quiet happiness to the pleasant voice of her companion.

(To be continued.)



Puck's Arranges.

THEY'VE changed the hymn at the White House.—*Boston Post.*

A YOUNG Oil Citizen calls his girl Revenge, because she is sweet.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE color line—two inches above a boy's shirt collar.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

CROPS will insist upon turning out better than the farmers expect.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A BELGRADE crowd cheered for Karageorgovitch. It is a healthy name for a popular shout.—*N. O. Picayune.*

YOU may break, you may scatter Anderson's testimony, if you will, but the lie of John Sherman will hang round it still.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

THE St. Louis directory is to be revised at once. A colored woman gave birth to four children in St. Louis last week.—*Chicago Inter-ocean.*

OWING to dollars having been so scarce during the past winter, a majority of us can't change our quarters this summer.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

"CAN love die?" inquires Mary E. Nealy in a recently published poem. It cannot, though it gets dreadfully adjourned occasionally.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE poet could not have been very particular as to the kind of guests he entertained when he said: "Come in, consumption's ghastly form."—*Derrick.*

BALTIMORE Every Saturday shrieks, "Give us whisky or give us death." Why not try some of our Rochester whisky and combine the two?—*Rochester Express.*

THE Houston *Telegram* says there is a paper at Brownsville, Texas, printed one-half in Spanish and the other half in Josh Billings.—*Picayune*.

MISS SWEETPRETTY, of Love street, is gracefully entertaining her charming cousin, Miss Freckleface of Tantown.—*A la Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.—*Boston Post*.

EVERY day we have new proofs of the backwardness of the present season. The seventeen-year locusts, which have appeared annually during the past seventeen years, have not come up.—*Norristown Herald*.

Two brothers-in-law near Forest Depot, Va., killed each other in a knife duel, in a quarrel over the height of their corn. It is this sort of spirit that makes this the best agricultural country in the world.—*Derrick*.

IT provokes a man these days to meet a woman on the street looking as cool as the north side of an ice-pitcher, when all the vitality in his body is running down the back of his neck.—*Easton Free Press*.

SINCE it has been discovered that the sun is 500,000 miles nearer the earth than has been supposed, the Savannah *News* thinks the time may come when a sun-struck man will be able to strike back again.—*Rochester Express*.

A SPANIARD claims to have invented a garment that is absolutely bullet-proof. It is a lucky thing for the poultry keepers of the South that this garment hasn't yet been introduced among the colored folks there.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

THERE is one charming confession in "Gath's explanation" as to how he interviewed President Hayes for the Philadelphia *Times*: "Not having seen him for some time, I knew I would be well received."—*Rochester Express*.

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NOTICE.

No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at full price.

THERE is a law in England, not enforced, which would compel a man to attend church. It was allowed to die out when the discovery was made that leading a horse to water could not make him drink.—*Picayune*.

TIME works its changes. A little more than a year ago the Evansville (Ind.) *Courier* was conducted on a "Tilden or blood" platform, and was edited by a gentleman who had the hydrophobia and kept a Spitz dog. Now Hayes is booked for a social visit to the town on the Fourth of July.—*Derrick*.

A LEDGER kept for several years by George Washington shows his losses and gains at card playing. The book, now in the possession of the Lewis family, will be purchased by the government and kept with the little hatchet.—*N. O. Picayune*.

WE are informed that "the price of diamonds was never so low as at present, and now is a favorable time to purchase them." This is welcome news. We shall take our market basket this evening, and go out and purchase our next winter's stock.—*Norristown Herald*.

THERE is a "corner" in coarse canvas in Europe, and the price has gone up fifty per cent. Hans Makart, author of the panoramic painting "Catherine Conaro," has thrown his "soul" and sixty dollars' worth of paint into a new picture of Brobdingagian dimensions.—*Norristown Herald*.

A MANAYUNK man went home the other evening and upset the supper table, kicked the dog four times around the room, turned his family out of the house, and broke three chairs into kindling wood. As he is not a drinking man it is suspected that he was out of humor about something. He was probably called upon a short time previously to subscribe a few dollars towards paying for a brass band serenade to one of his esteemed fellow citizens.—*Norristown Herald*.

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